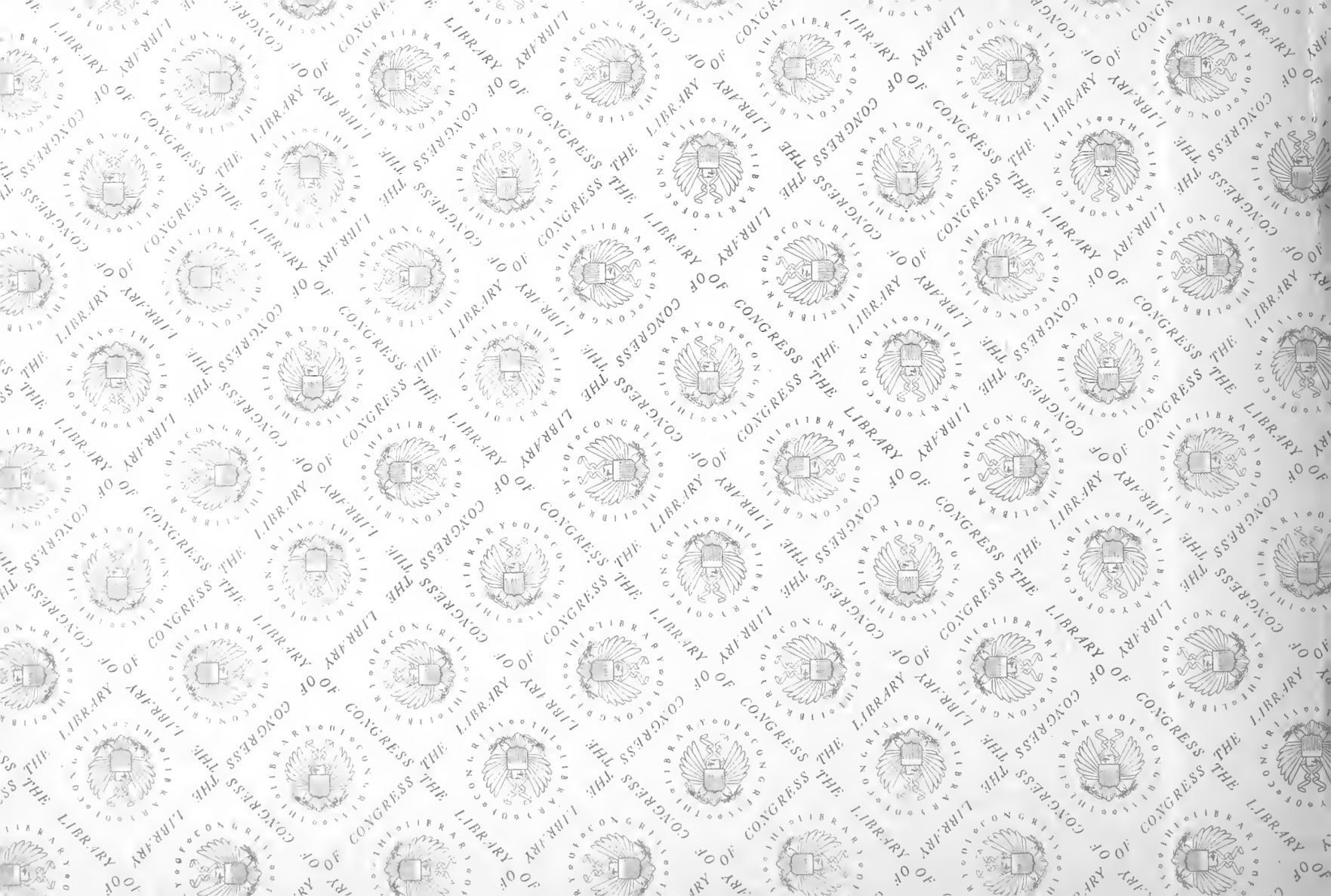


LD

1741

.E433







*Fond Recollections
of Earlham
and the
Regions of the
Whitewater*

WD1741
E433



② ② ② ²Fond ② R ecollections ② ② ②

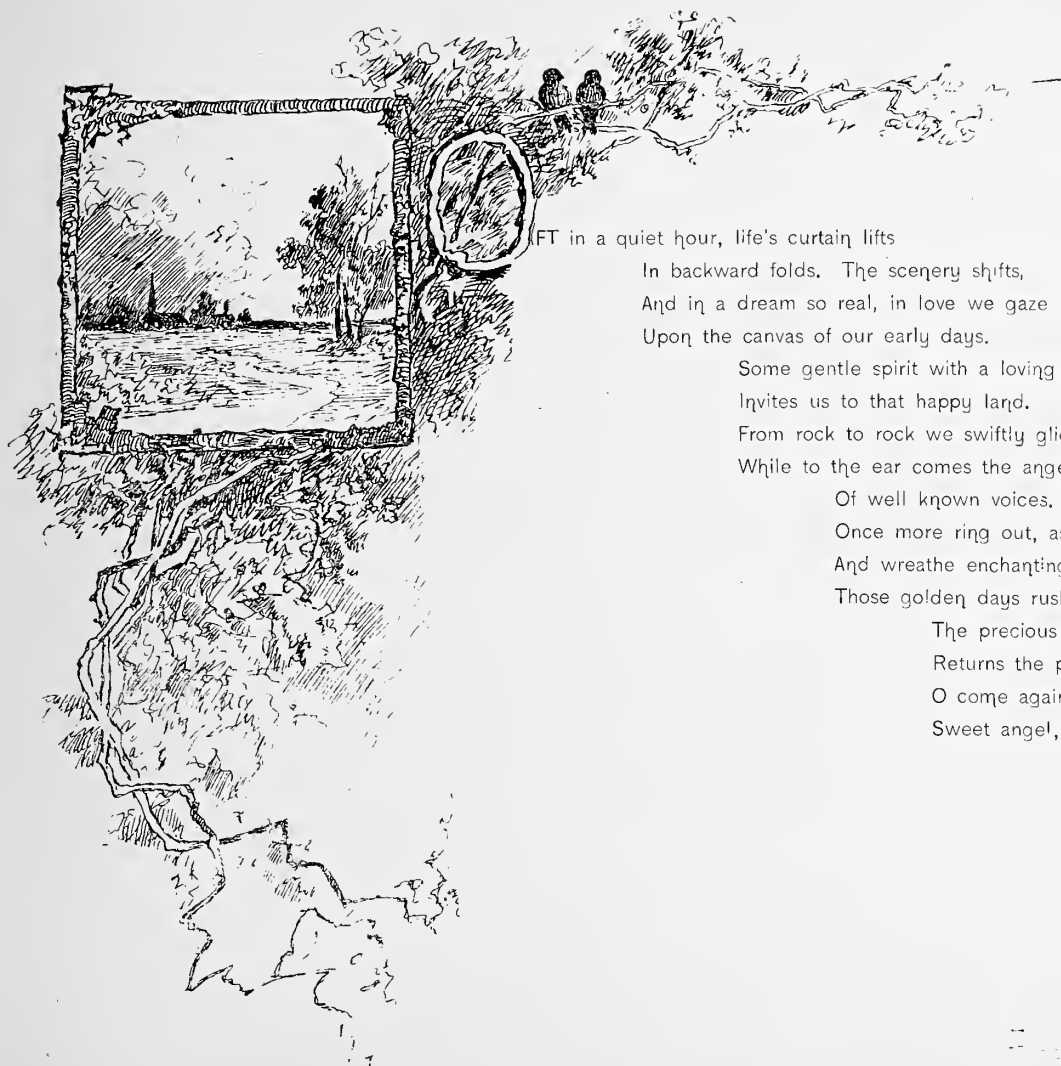


✓ Copyright
By J. E. Bundy and C. M. Burkholder.
1891.



26-6
5/5 5/1 2





IFT in a quiet hour, life's curtain lifts

In backward folds. The scenery shifts,
And in a dream so real, in love we gaze
Upon the canvas of our early days.

Some gentle spirit with a loving hand
Invites us to that happy land.
From rock to rock we swiftly glide along,
While to the ear comes the angelic song

Of well known voices. The merry chimes
Once more ring out, as in the olden times,
And wreath enchanting spells. All too fast
Those golden days rush, fleeting, past.

The precious gems of thought are laid aside,
Returns the present, with the ebbing tide.
O come again ye hallowed scenes of yore,
Sweet angel, fill our yearning hearts once more.







stream and wood, how fair and sweet
Your pictured scenes on memory's wall;
That trooping come where fancies meet
'Mid fairy bowers by Earlham's hall.

New Iphigenias walk these shades,
And plight in faith their vows above;
For high resolves have Earlham's maids,
As hers who won great Thoas' love.

No narrow seagirt Scythian strand,
Can meet and bound their womanhood
With hearts that beat for every land,
They seek a universal good.

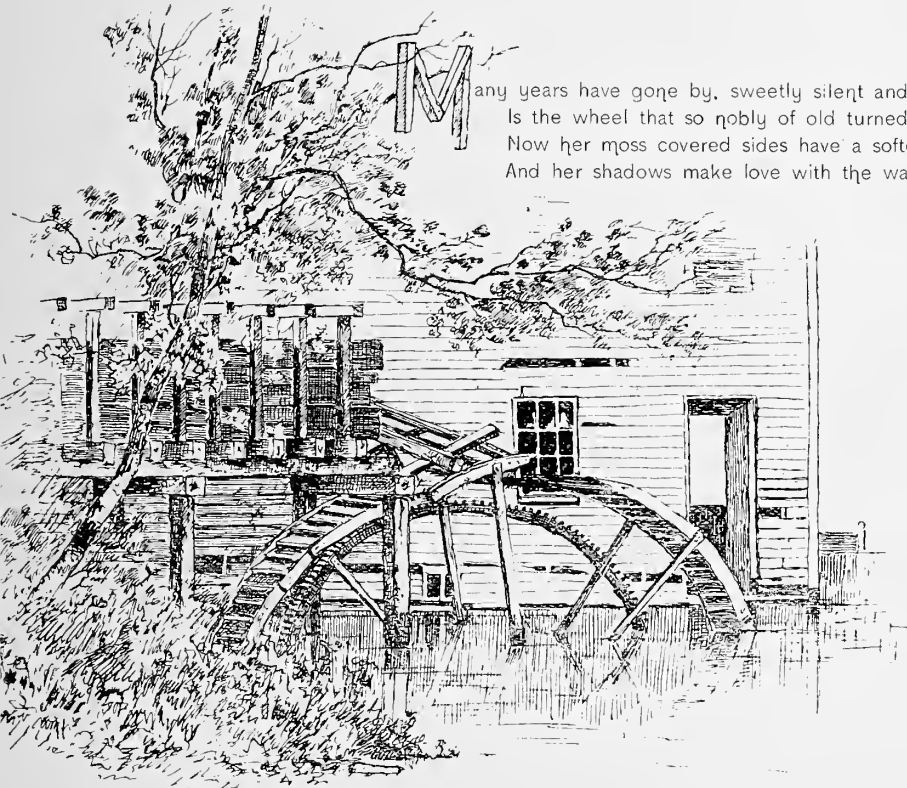
Then pretty stream, flow on, flow on,
While happy maidens come and go,
And fill, dear God, each golden dream
With just enough of joy and woe.

And clap your hands, ye stately trees,
And softly let your shadows fall,
And gladly welcome all of these
Who find a home in Earlham's hall.

Mattie Curl Dennis



THE OLD MILL.



M any years have gone by, sweetly silent and still,
Is the wheel that so nobly of old turned the mill.
Now her moss covered sides have a softening glow,
And her shadows make love with the waters below.

Hovers round her such romance, her stories untold,
Of the love in the life, of the days here of old,
And the breeze gently fanning her time honored beams,
Whispers tales for reflection, and food for sweet dreams.

We can see the old wheel spinning merrily round,
And the water dash off, and we love its sweet sound,
But above all the hum, as the stream runs along,
Comes the voice of one happy, the young miller's song.

He is thinking of home, of his own o'er the way,
And his thoughts grow the brighter as fadeth the day ;
There the dear ones await him, with outstretched arms,
And he spendeth the night midst a home's blessed charms.



SUNNY THOUGHTS.

Over all the meadows
Comes sweet song,
Strains from every tree-top
Float along.

Every running brooklet
Has a voice,
As it onward journeys
Bids rejoice.

Every crooked fence-rail
Has a love,
Every sprig or twig says
God's above.

Every beauteous flower
Has a crown,
Every blade of grass wears
Freedom's gown.

Every moss grown boulder
Has a tongue,
All the world's an anthem
Sweetly sung.





CANTUS AMITTUS.

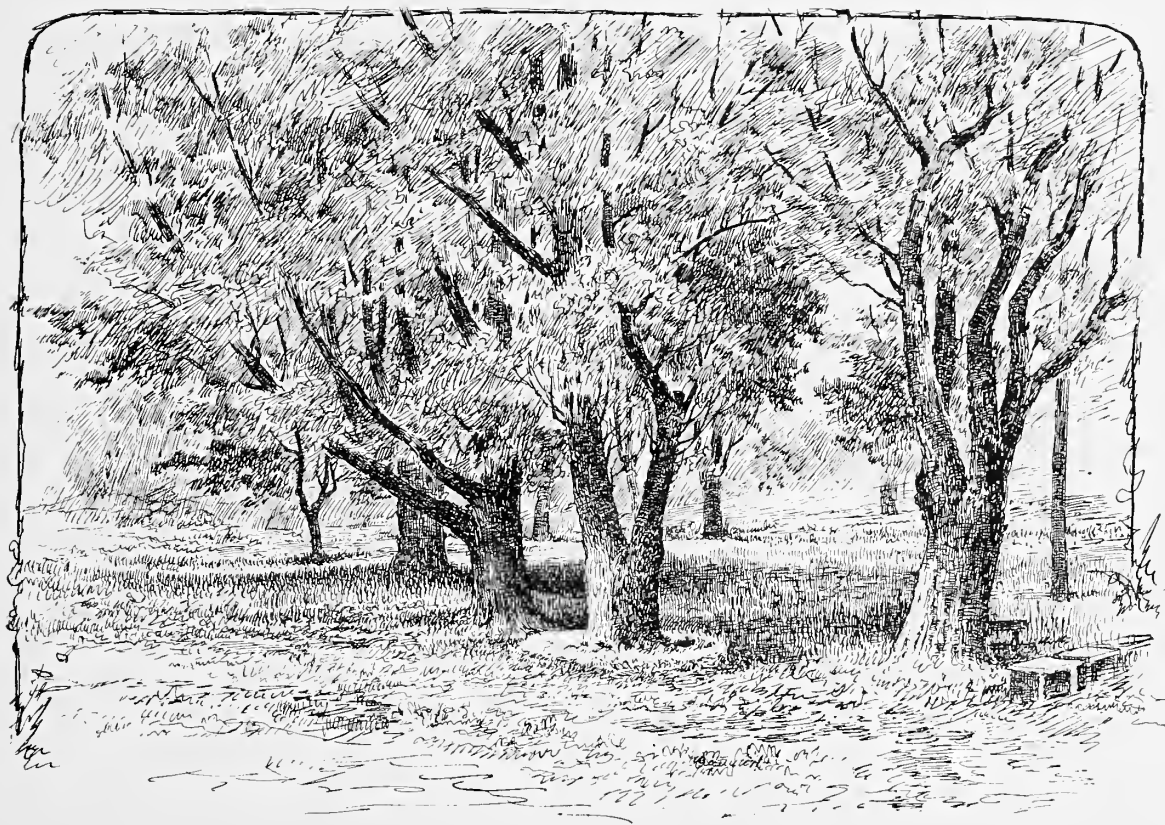
The chords that make the harp o' life
The soul's imperial lyre,
Thrill, throb, and burst, at memory's call,
In songs of heavenly fire.

'Tis like some long forgotten air,
Loved in the shadowy past,
Comes floating back in golden notes
Of beauty, found at last.

They follow as the waves roll in,
One thought o'erlaps another:
And some are of the world below,
And some of heaven and mother.

They come as gentle messengers
To soothe us day by day,
And scatter as we plod along,
Fresh roses by the way.

When years have flown and locks grown white,
The Angels of God's love,
On harps of gold repeat the strain,
And call us up above.





THE OLD CHAIR.

Sigh low, ye gentle breezes,
O rain clouds, shed your tears,
We from our friends are parted,
Our hopes of forty years.

The chairs we sat and laughed in,
At morn, and noon, and night,
Those low backed chairs we loved so,
Have vanished from our sight.

The old familiar land marks
Of Earlham's dining hall,
Have left those happy regions,
Obeyed another call.

They've fought the fight most nobly,
Have done their duty well,
And borne their daily burdens
As only we can tell.

But time must have his victims
However dear they be,
And now adieu we bid them,
And sigh regretfully.

Sing low, ye bards and minstrels,
And let your notes be fair:
Chant psalms for the departed,
And laud the dear old chair.



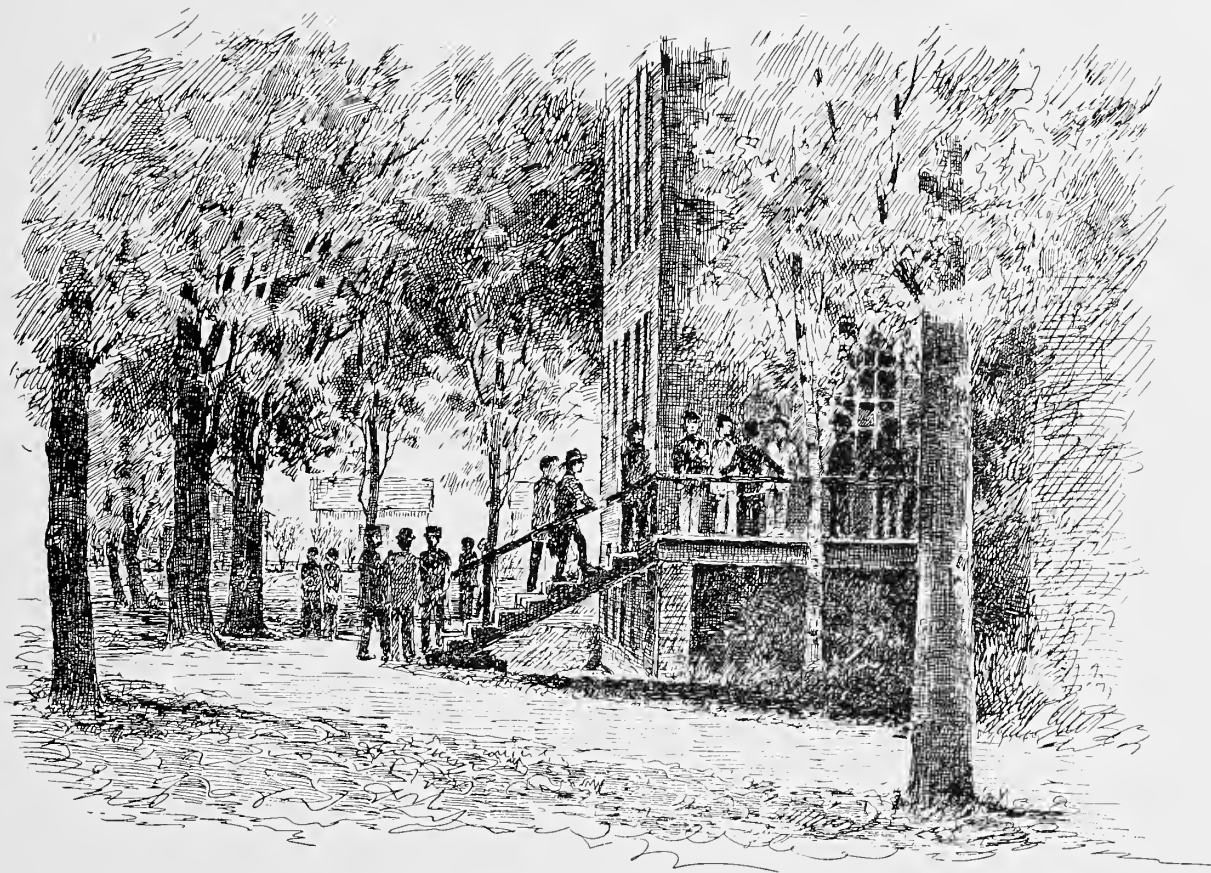
BY AND BY.

We are like the thistle down,
Blown about,
In and out,
Thro' the air,
Everywhere,
To that hamlet or this town.

We are trav'lers often hurled,
By a word,
Scarcely heard,
Over dales,
Thro' the vales,
Of the unknown wonder-world.

But o'er all—a guiding spirit,
With a wand,
Firm in hand,
Turns the storm,
From our form,
So that we may never fear it

By and by, when we are grown,
Light at Heart,
We will start,
With a bride,
By our side,
For a home and settle down.





COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS,

College friendships, college friendships,
With their jolly mirth and fun,
With their secrets and their fervor,
How our youthful spirits run.

How the mellow ring of laughter,
Seems to brighten every face,
Every mortal fills a portal
In our hearts' most secret place.

Life's so lovely in its vision,
Boyish hearts leap mountain high,
Urged to conquer and to victory,
Building castles to the sky.

Fast these happy days are flying,
Like the flight of birds in fall,
Will they not like these returning,
Come again at nature's call.

Sitting, dreaming, by the fireside,
In the favorite rocking chair,
Years have wandered — time has slowly
Crowned our heads with silvered hair.

Comes a knocking at the entrance.
We have heard that knock before,
And as fast as age permits us,
We unlatch the oaken door.

Face to face we stand in greeting,
With a College friend of yore,
And we gather by the fireside,
And renew our youth once more.



THE WILD CRAB APPLE TREE.

When in spring the flowers are waking
From their winter's sleep and rest,
And the birds are lovers making,
Each their cosy little nest.

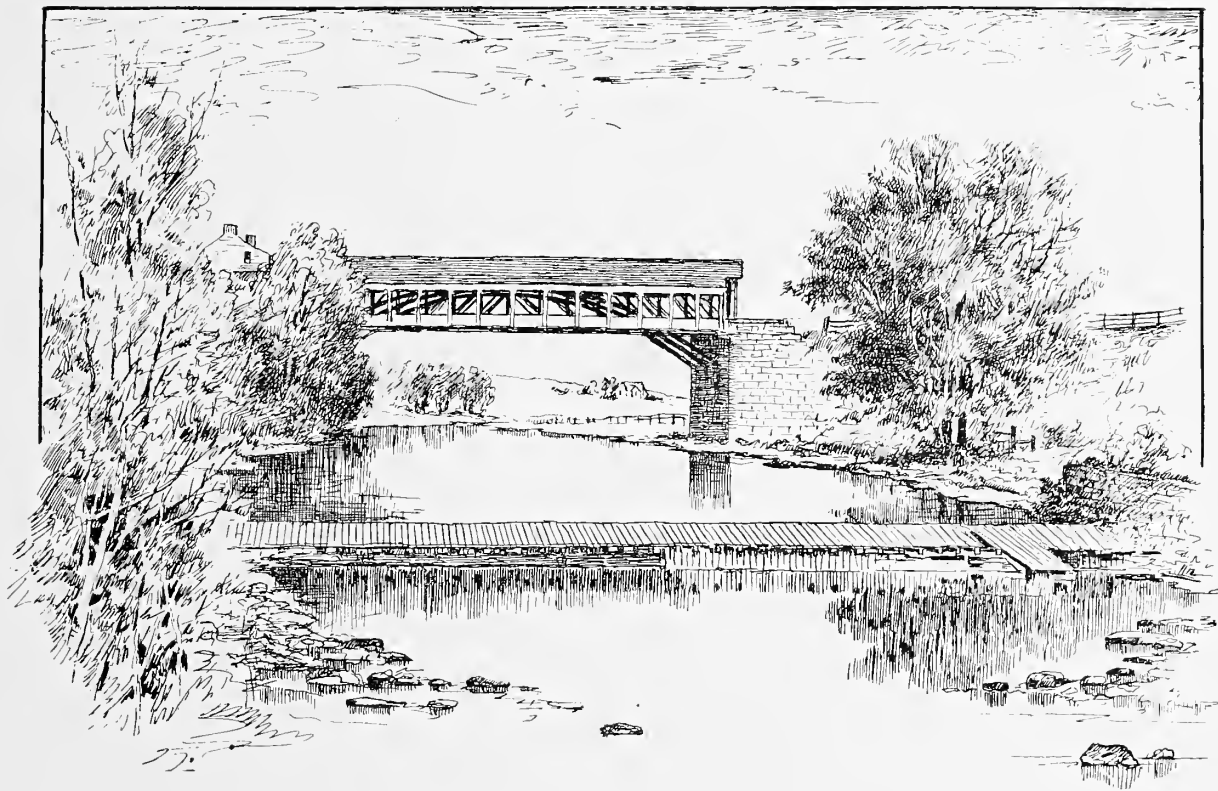
When the brook begins to murmur,
Gayly jumping o'er the stones,
And her song comes rich and firmer,
Breaking in a thousand tones.

Then beside this joyful songster,
On the gently falling slope,
Comes with many a bud amongst her,
One sweet star of blushing hope.

It would seem that Venus playing,
Sought this tree amid the glades,
With her maidens out a Maying,
Sat and rested neath its shades.

Picked a handful of its flowers
From the garlands hanging down,
Blessed its soul perfuming powers,
Weaved of them a rosy crown.

Wand'ring there, we gather of it
All the blossoms that we can,
For to see it — is to love it,
Fit for goddess — given to man.



THE INNER LIFE,

Within this little life of ours,

We chase resemblance to the blushing rose,

Though gay the outer thoughts we wear,

Beneath this garb, a deeper river flows.

And as we journey through our youth,

Oft floats before our eyes our God's design,

That we should be the lords of life,

And wisely ruling — gain a crown divine.

Immortal tongues of ages past,

Point with their lives, the ladder of their fame,

And fired by their recorded deeds,

We long to add immortal to our name.

So on life's seas we launch our bark,

And gallant sail the foaming, seething mounds,

With helm in hand and Light above,

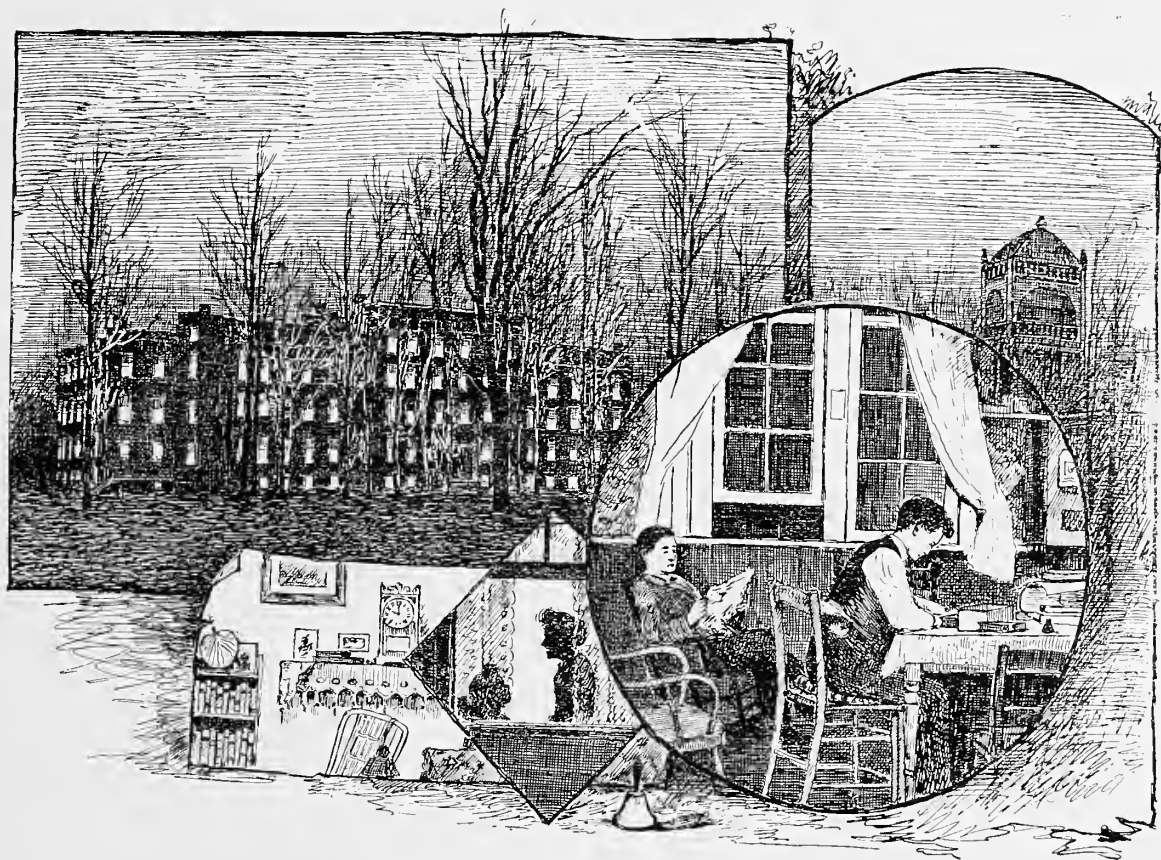
We strive to reach the port — and pass a mortal's bounds.

We'd have immortal honors here,

Before we leave the world's unceasing strife,

And gain a heaven after death,

These are the thoughts that fill our inner life.



THOSE SHEEPSKINS,

Is it not a lamentable thing, that the skin of
an innocent lamb should be made parchment?—
Shakespeare.

O ye cruel, cruel seniors,
Just to think of all the slain,
Of the untold pitiless pain,
Ye have caused.

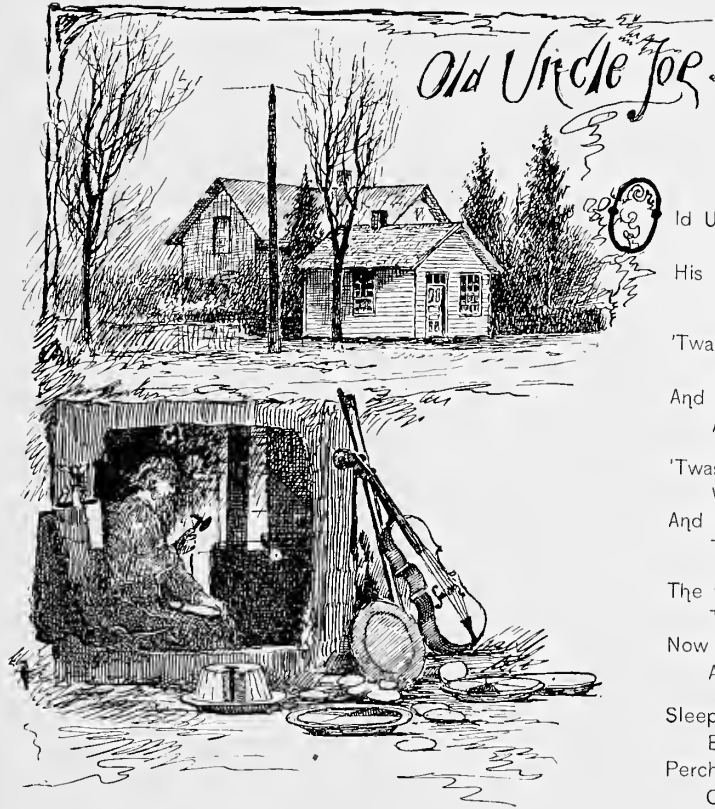
Look ye o'er the peaceful pastures
Where the harmless lambs do run,
Up and down, in jolly fun,
Full of glee.

Little think they, thing so reckless,
As a senior class survives,
Waiting, watching, toiling, striving,
For their sunny little lives.

Little dream they—in the future
They will grace a tyrant's wall,
Or be present at Commencement
In the College chapel hall.

Gambol on, ye playful creatures,
Long ago the price of sin,
Soon a host of hungry seniors,
Crave a portion of your skin.





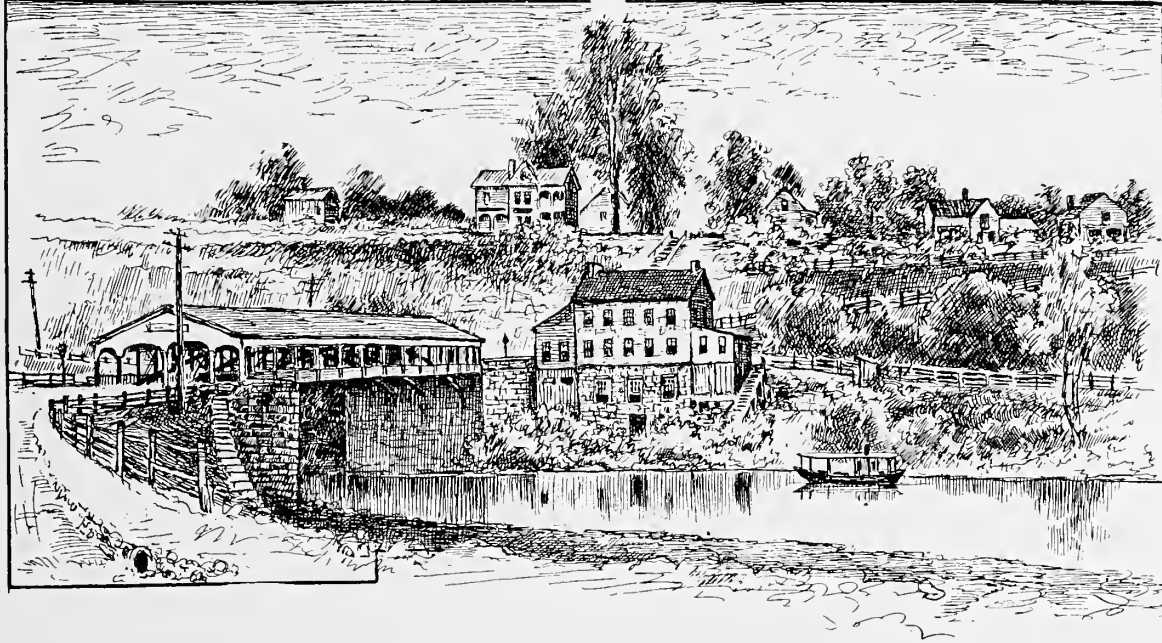
Old Uncle Joe has gone away,
And sought the unknown shore;
His little shop wherein he wrought,
Will know him nevermore.

'Twas here we heard the hammer strike
Upon the upturned shoe;
And 'twas the spot we made of old,
A general rendezvous.

'Twas here so oft when food was scarce,
We found those steaming pies,
And listened to Old Uncle's yarns,
That lacked for naught in size.

The time-worn fiddle—still and mute,
That once so often sung,
Now mourns the friend that held her dear,
And loved to wake her tongue.

Sleep on, old friend, and may your rest
Be such as angels know—
Perchance we'll meet you over there,
Our dear old Uncle Joe.





DIXIE.

Dixie lassie came one day,
To Earlham's gentle board;
She shyly glanced around the room,
The Festive spread explored.

She slowly looked the table o'er,
And scanned the plates and glasses;
When o'er her face a smile broke forth,
She asked for "Dixie 'lasses."

'Twas many days — or years ago —
When here that maiden came;
But ever since, thro' thick and thin,
Our Dixie holds her name.

'Tis ever present at the meal,
And throws her lustre wide;
We've grown in time to feel for her
A sort o' national pride.

Long may she live as sweet as e'er,
Her sparkle be as gold,
And may she never beg a place,
But prosper as of old.







DEJECTION.

— IN THE EARLHAM GROVE, 1876.—

I'm lying on the green hillside;
The bright young leaves above me;
The flowers, blue and purple-eyed,
Bend round as though they loved me.

But all the world is dreary still;
The future glooms and lowers,
And that bright sunlight on the hill
Is but a thing of hours.

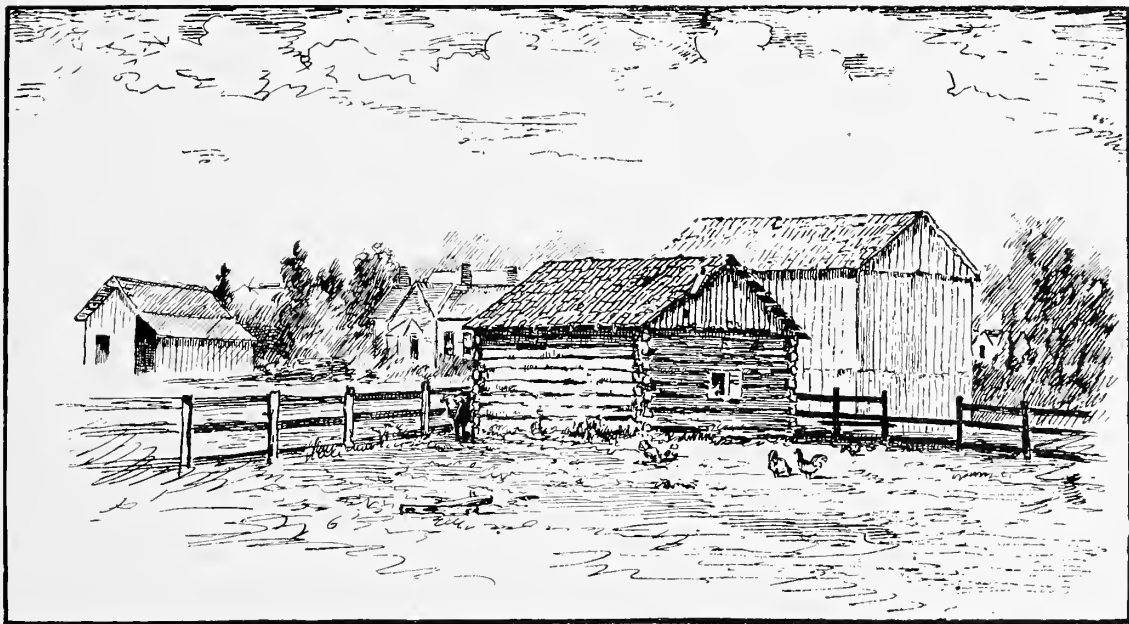
I hear the waters laugh below,
And see them hurrying, ever,
As o'er the bright smooth stones they go
To meet the engulfing river.

But life is hurrying faster, still,
And darker, still, the ending;
Its mirth and laughter sound but shrill,
With wails and sobs so blending.

Ay, what are flowers but specks of light
Like those that children play with?
They blow at dawn, they fade at night,
And pass away the day with.

And what is life but e'en a breath;
And greatness but a vapor?
A moment ours, and then by Death
Blown out as is a taper.

—ANON.



THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

Old Time oft lays a gentler hand
On those we love the best;
And crowns with love and tenderness,
Old age with peace and rest.

O'er yonder stands the old school house,
The first that Wayne has known;
Her logs have seen the century fade,
Her childrens' children grown.

In fancy we can travel back,
And dream ourselves once more
Within her walls and sitting prim,
As Grandpa did of yore.

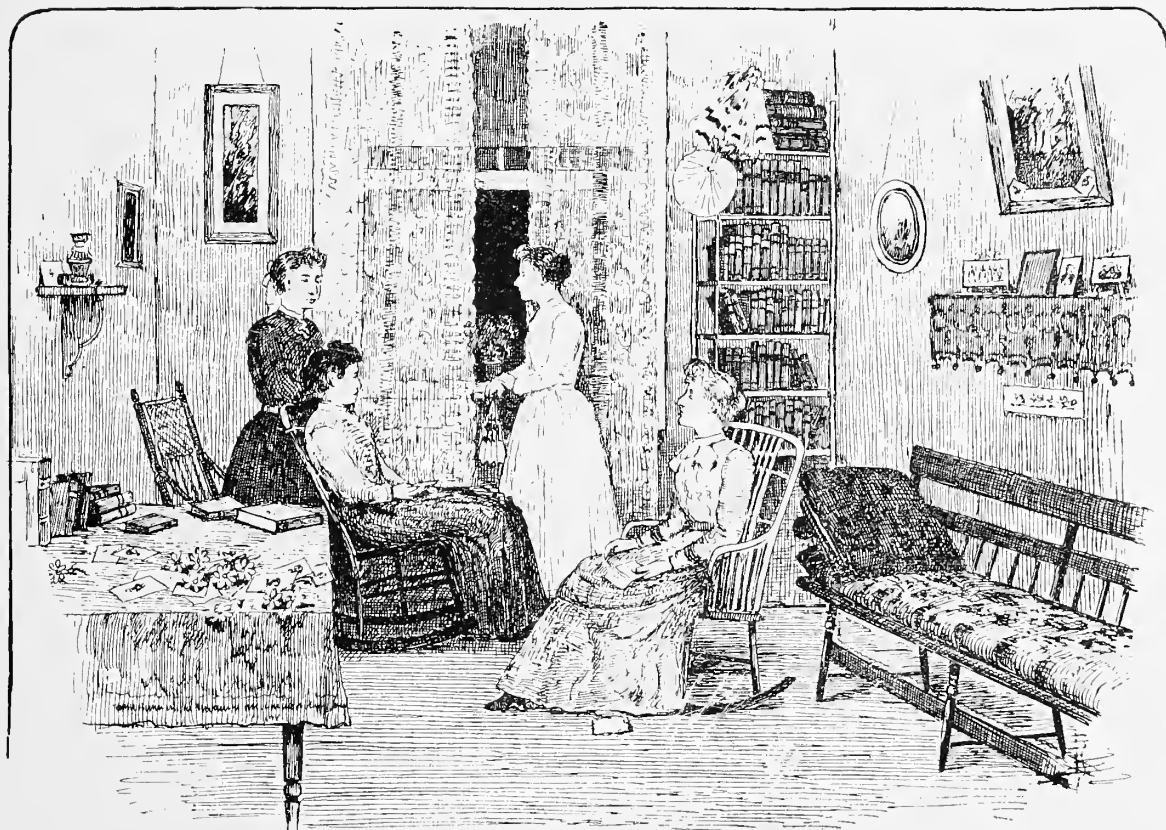
We see the switch upon the wall,
Which frequent usage shows;
In front the care-worn teacher sits,
Green goggles o'er his nose.

We hear the hum of a, b, c,
That sleepy, sing-song noise;
Or spelling words like s o so,
Those busy girls and boys.

We fancy this goes on, perchance,
For nigh an hour or more;
When to their ears there comes a sound—
A pedagogic snore.

The hum declines—and one by one,
As still as still can be;
They steal on tip-toe through the door,
And scamper off with glee.







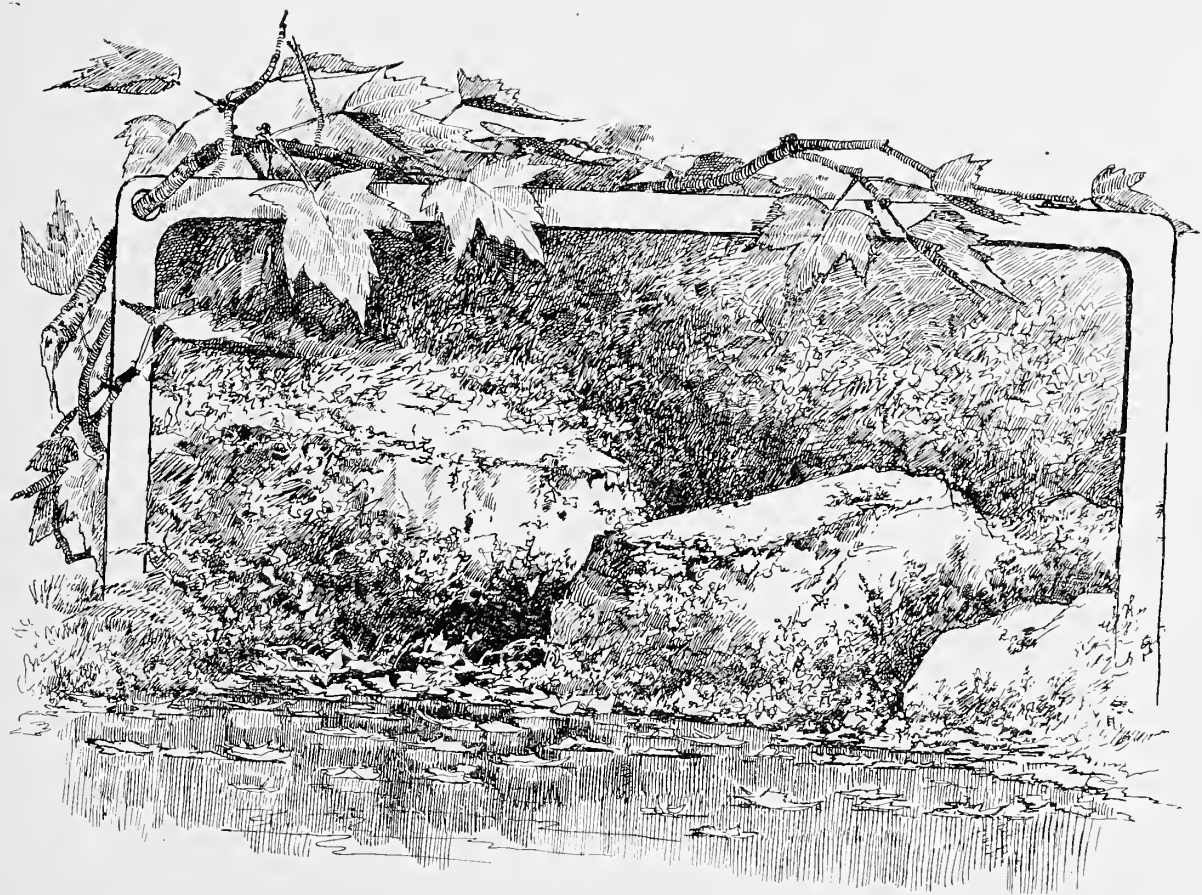
FALLING LEAVES.

Gently falling,
Past recalling,
Leaves of autumn fill the air.
To the ground they flutter, trembling,
They the course of life resembling,
Days soon measured,
They are treasured
In the lap of Nature's care.

In the morning,
They adorning,
Beauteous sentinels of earth.
From the mother bud, they clinging,
Start their little lives with singing,
As our childhood,
Sweetest wildwood,
Lingers near to God at birth.

Each a story,
Wrapped in glory,
Gaily wanders thro' the world.
Daily drinking from its fountains,
Lightly tripping o'er its mountains,
Till it travels
And unravels—
Sees the path of life unfurled.

Now they're olden,
Turned to golden,
To their source they sweetly call:
"O dear mother—quickly take us,
From impending darkness make us
Free from danger,"
From her manger,
Mother answers and they fall.



THE INVITATION.

Some gentle spirit 'mid the woods
Invites us to her fairy bower.
Mayhap Orndine lingers there,
And sings a happy song of love.
What e'er it be—or sprite or nymph,
The strain comes sweetly on.
We list to catch th' illusive air,
For Nature has the siren's art
To lure her eager hearers forth.
And as we take the forward step,
Back she withdraws and fainter strikes
The chords upon her joyous harp,
Then hides behind some knarled tree
And loves to see the influence
Her tender wood-notes have on us.
If we but love her and her ways,
She runs to us with open arms—
If we are wearied and careworn,
She opes the beauties of her heart,
And soothes us with her maiden charms.





THE NUTTING PARTY.

way to the woods for the nuts are full ripe,
 And Indian Summer is here;
 The mellowing tints of the leaves on the trees,
 Betoken that winter is near.
 Away to the woods—over hill and down dale,
 We merrily hasten along;
 Our hearts are as light as the foam of the sea,
 Our souls bubble over in song.

The old forest monarchs look down with a smile,
 And gladly partake in our sport;
 They say there's a time to be merry and gay,
 A time to make love and to court.
 That Time's cycle steadily speedeth along,
 Comes Age with its cares without cures
 So joy while ye can, ye creatures of youth,
 The romance of life is still yours.

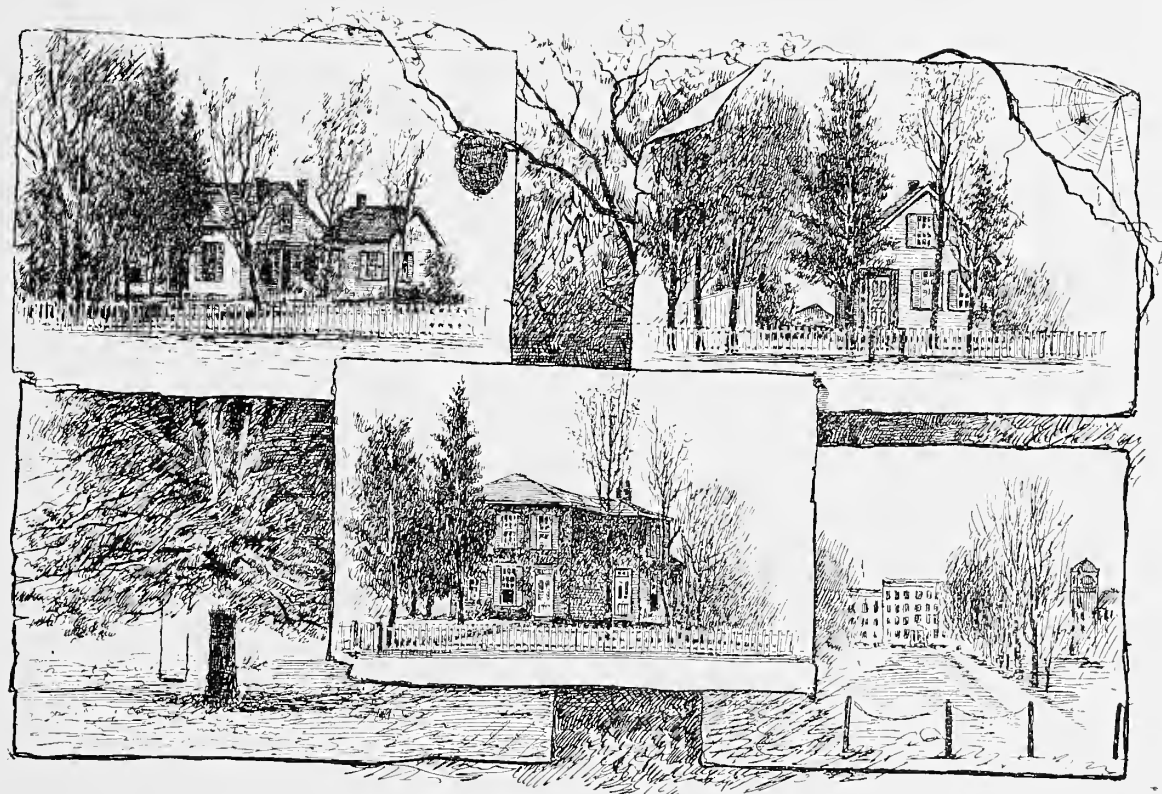
There's naught can express the quick throbs of our hearts,
 At the thought of our syvan repast;
 'Tis treasured as one of the fond memories
 To think of as long as we last.

* * *

O day full of pleasures 'mid Nature's sweet fields,
 Your value can never be told;
 The nearest expression that measures your worth,
 Is pictures of silver—with apples of gold.

We drink in the sunshine—we breathe the sweet air,
 Like perfume from Araby's shore.
 We're children in Spring—for each picture recalls
 The scenes of our childhood once more;
 The moss-covered tree-trunk—the crooked rail fence,
 O'er which we all clamber with glee;
 The paw-paw, the walnut, the beech and the oak,
 The shell-bark and butternut tree.





SPRING'S FIRST BEAUTIES.

Buried in the wood's recesses,
In the darkness, out of sight;
Queen Titania meets her fairies,
And in council spends the night.

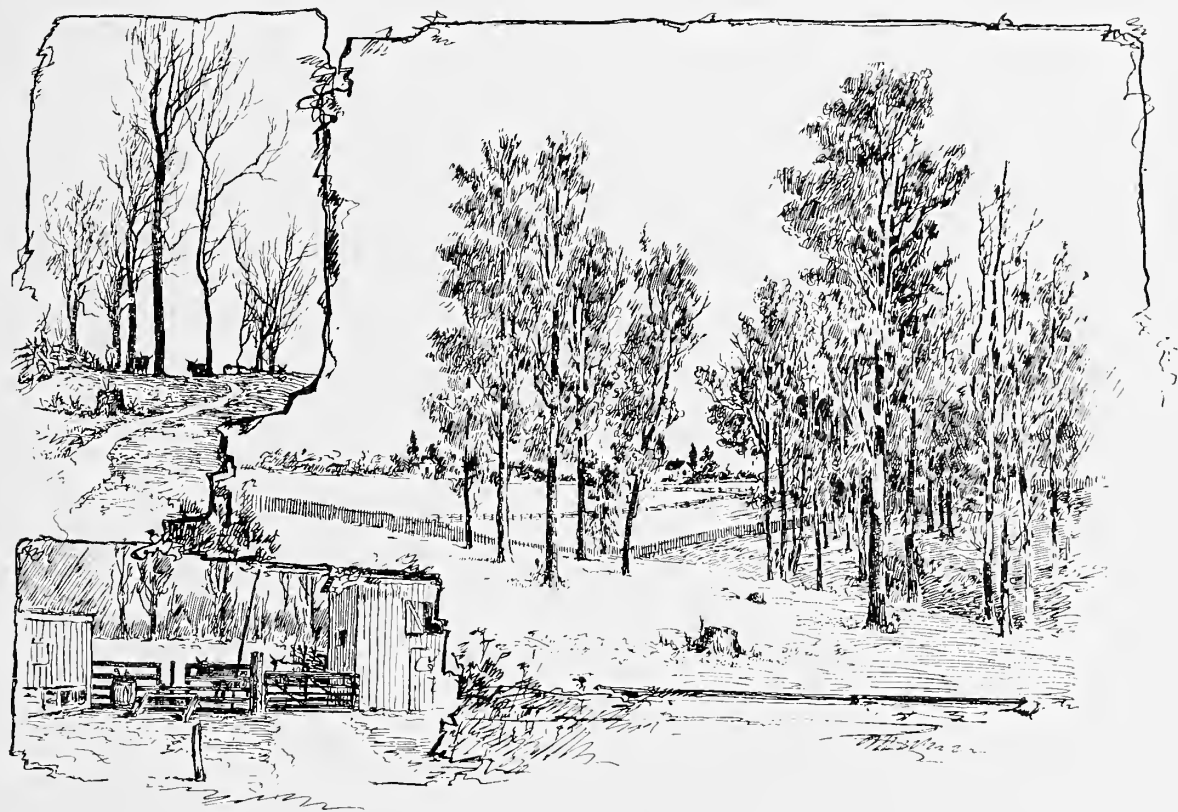
In the morning, in the springtime,
Ere the sun has yet arisen;
Out each wanders thro' the woodland,
To release the flowers from prison.

Gently pulls the winter cloak off,
And repeats a magic prayer;
In the morning, pearled with dew drops,
Breathes a smiling flower there.

Wand'ring, happy by the hillside,
There its radiant face I see;
And I say in tender accents;
Come, Sweet Beauty, unto me.

For I know a gentler pillow,
Where your pearly tints may rest;
And the bed for such pure blossoms,
Is upon a maiden's breast.

Laughing softly, it consented.
So I took it from the knoll,
And I gave it to a maiden
As an emblem of her soul.



IN THE BOYS' GROVE ÈRE
PUBLIC COMES.

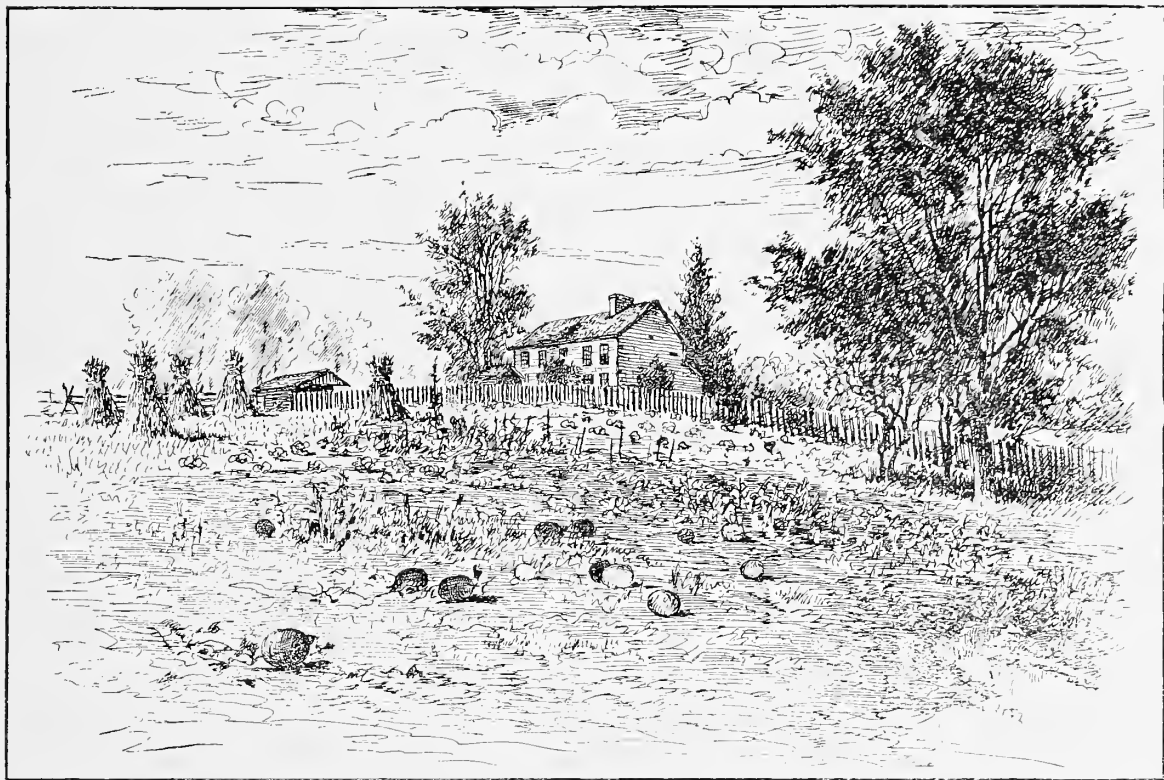
How often 'neath her laughing trees
We've strolled for pleasure's sake,
Or imaged great Demosthenes
And made her echoes wake.

The little squirrel on the ground
Uprights his doughty form,
And bars his ears to catch the sound
Of this syllabic storm.

The ranging swine in scattered bands
Come all unheeding by
Until they see the surging hands
And hear the speaker cry.

Then with a startled guttural grunt
And twitching of the tail,
They scamper thro' the woods to hunt
And shun the piercing gale.

But higher does the soarer soar
Above the heavenly mists;
He fondly hopes to lead the corps
Soon in the public's lists.





AN INCIDENT AT EARLHAM.

NCE more I've sought the haunts of boyhood's days,
 Whose memory fourscore years has left undimmed,
 Once more I wish to trace the crystal spring
 Whose waters gayly trickled down the hill
 Beside the old homestead.

With brightened eyes the old man started forth—
 A boy again—to hunt the golden spring
 'Round which such hallowed memories were twined
 Of boyhood's glee—the echoes of a mother's song.

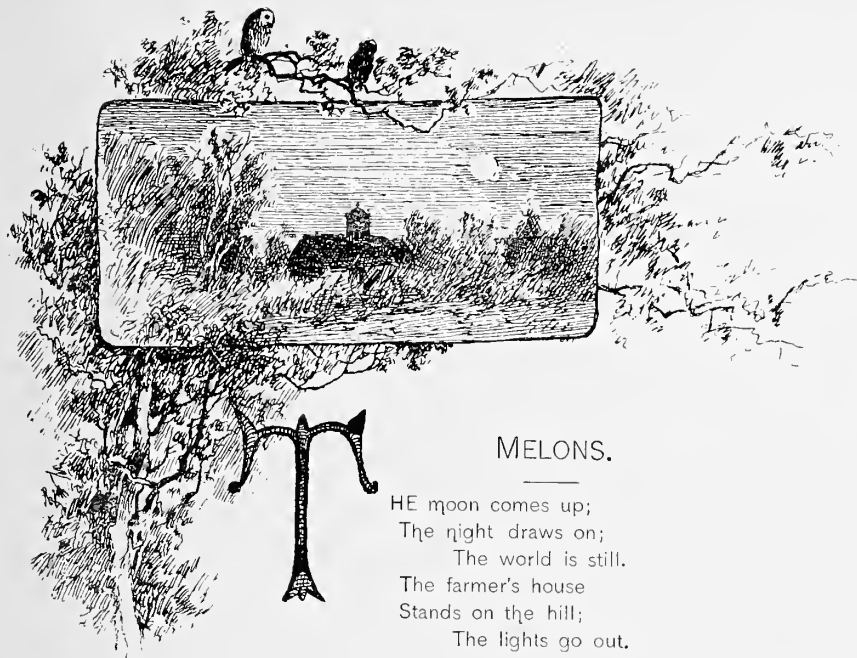
* * * * *

The old-time friend still wandered down the hill,
 A mirror to the pilgrim as it seemed,
 In which he saw portrayed the volume of his life.
 Slow kneeling down, he drank one long, delicious draught;
 It was the greeting of two lovers met again.

* * * * *

O where the wine of Cyprus half so sweet
 As that distilled at boyhood's fount.
 It is an emerald wreath for whitened locks,
 The dial of a thousand happy thoughts.





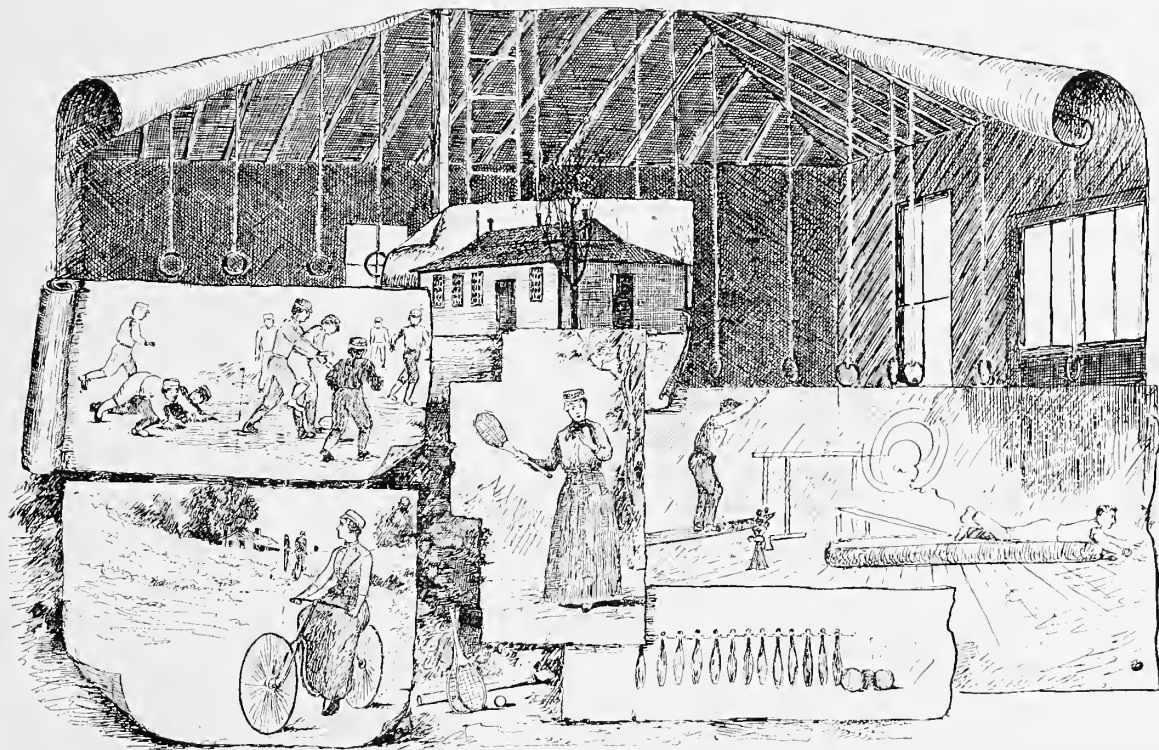
MELONS.

HE moon comes up;
The night draws on;
The world is still.
The farmer's house
Stands on the hill;
The lights go out.

From out the shades,
With cautious step,
Dark figures steal.
They're in the patch—
The melons feel;
This one goes "plunk."

The owl's awake;
Perched up above
He looks beneath.
His comic eyes
Bespeak surprise;
There's something up!

With trembling hands
They cut its stern
And start away.
"Hush, boys! What's that?"
The night bird hoots;
Away they run.



EARLHAM SPORTS.

Let all the world take notice,
Old Earhām holds her own
In games and pure athletics,
And sports of goodly tone.

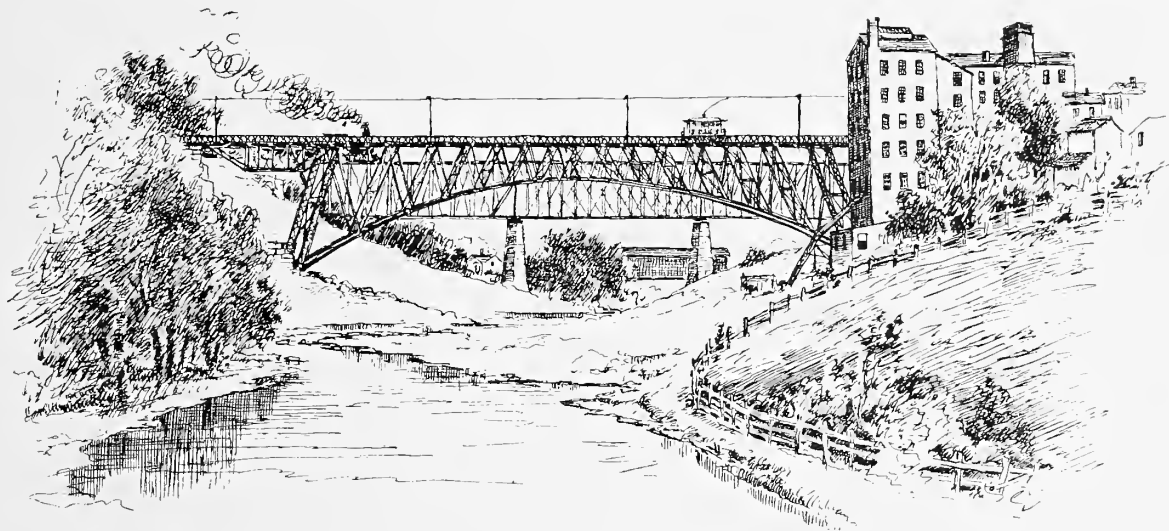
Her tennis courts are many,
And level as a plane;
With boys and girls as subjects,
Here love and racket reign.

In baseball she is precious
And boasts a diamond fair.
The bats are often broken,
The ball vacuums the air.

In foot-ball she is glorious,
And knows the standard rules;
Tho' oft the boys are mangled,
Her ardor never cools.

But best of all her treasures
In these the sportive lines,
The "Gym," with all its fixin's,
All other gems outshine.

Here flying thro' the ether,
In every form and shape,
The theory proves of Darwin,
That man evolved from ape.





PINNING around ever spinning around —
The wheel of our life — with a jubilant sound
Goes busily, merrily on;
Drawing the thread from the tangle o' life,
Spurning disorder, and chaos, and strife.
And weaving a tale from the days that have gone.

Ours is the duty to patiently stand
And guide from the distaff, the thread in our hand,
And keep it unbroken and strong;
Carefully shunning the knots in the line,
Keeping it fit for a future, divine,
And making the tale as the spinning wheel's song.

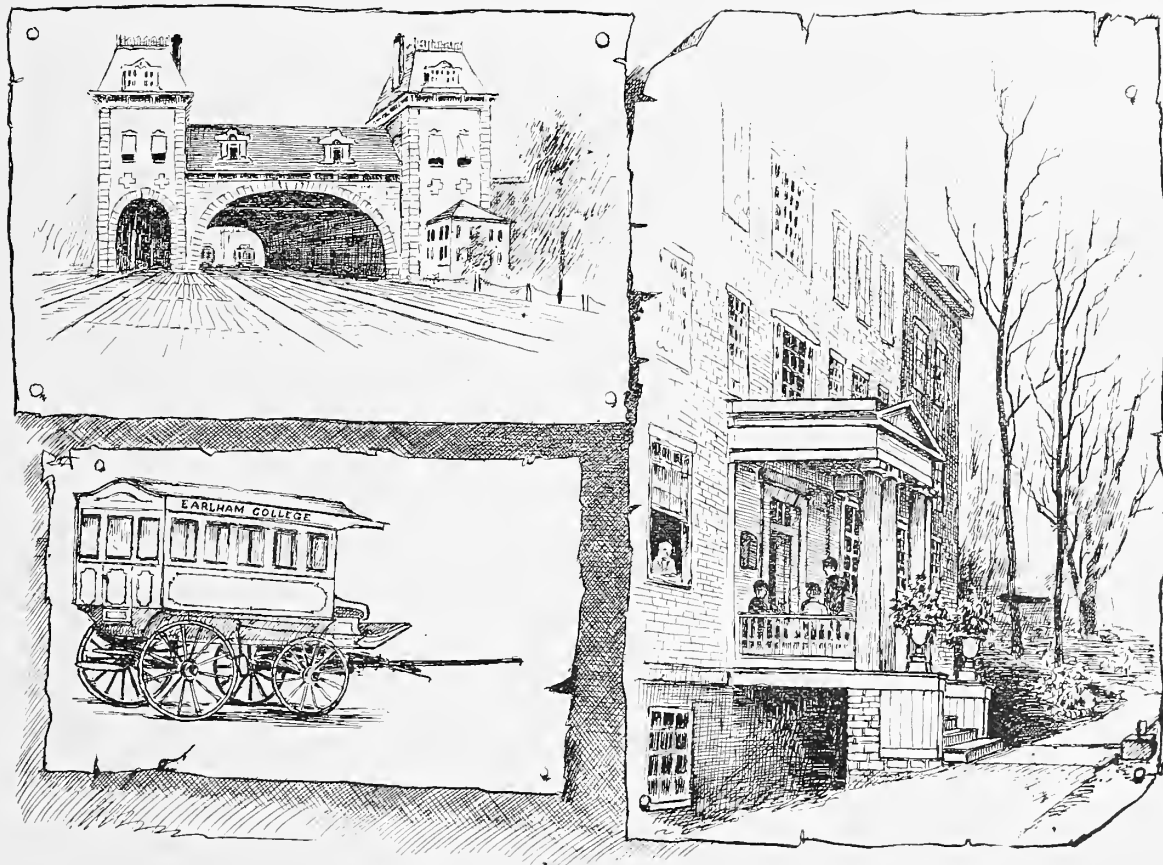


THE OLD BUS.

The Old Earhām Bus; O what fond recollections
Burst forth at the sight of her time-honored sides!
For ourselves and our uncles—and all our connections,
Can boast of the joys of her rollicking rides.

We remember it well—for it hasn't been long
Since the railway electric has broken its sway—
When the dear old preambulance, bulky and strong,
Was a sight most familiar for many a day.

'Twas the first friend we met when we came to the town,
And we opened its doors with the grasp of a bear;
'Twas the last one we schemed with when publics had flown,
And its solid old comforts we'll always declare.





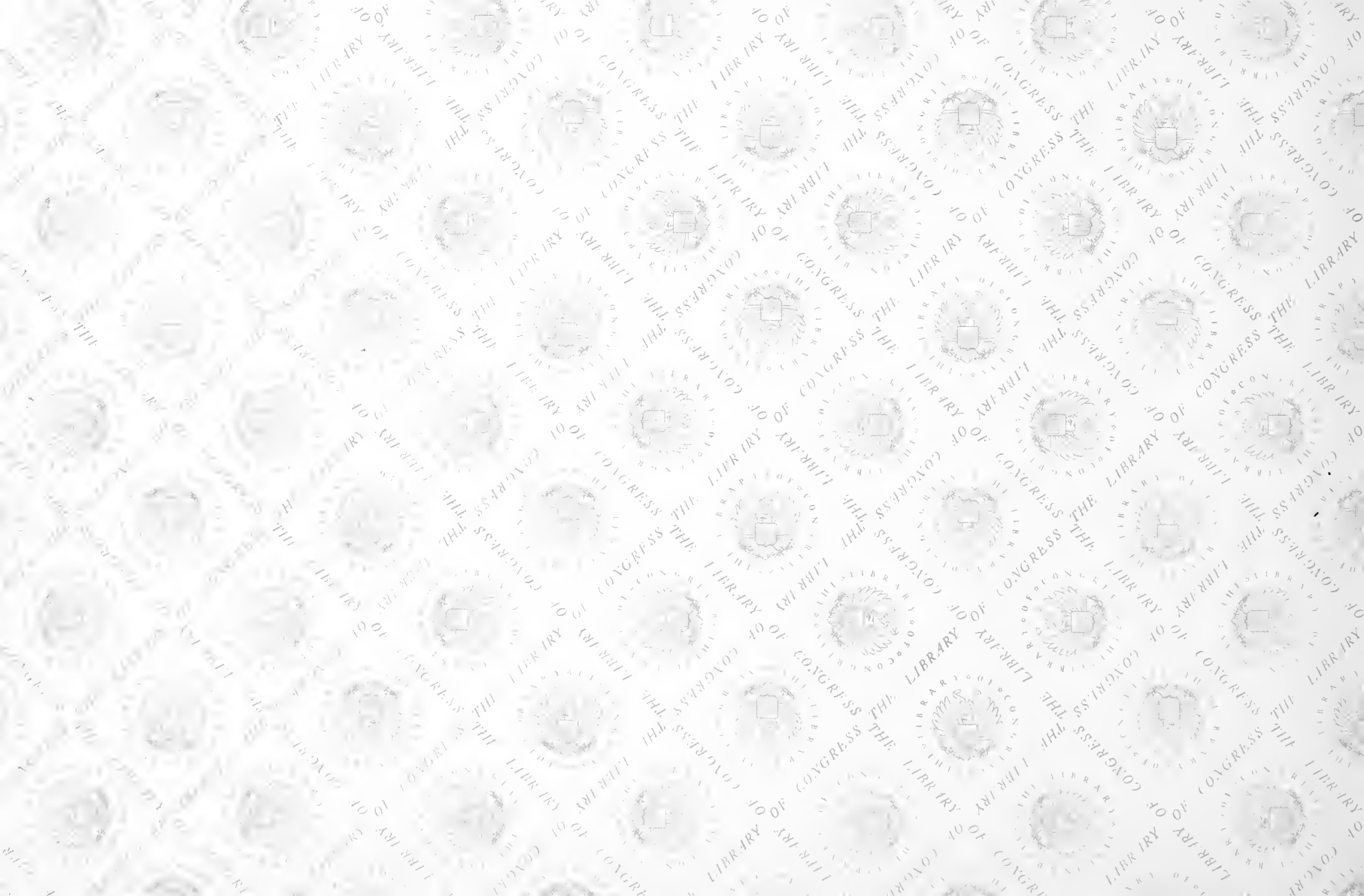
GOOD-BYE.

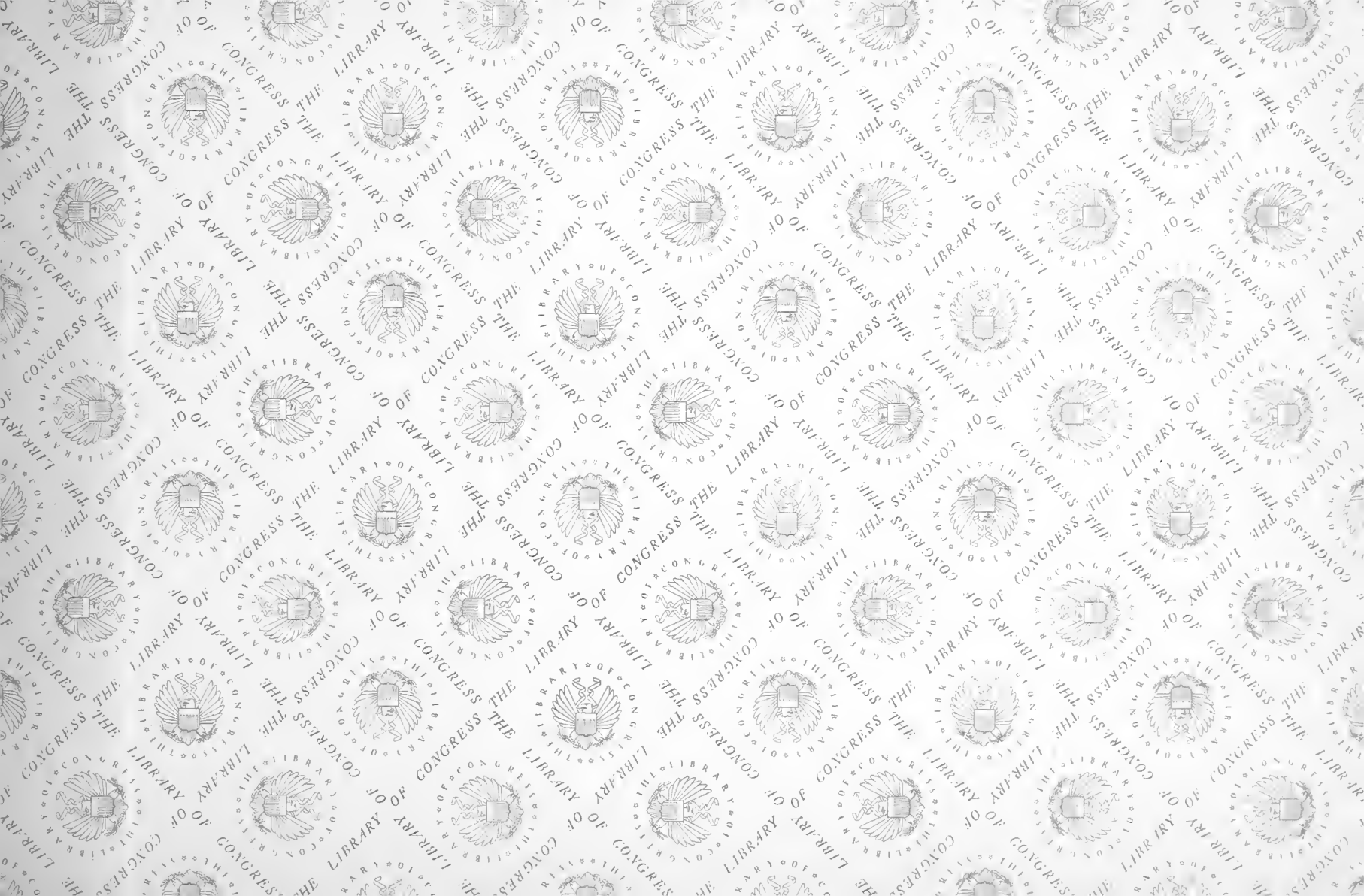
How easy the tear drops
Do flow from the urn,
When we leave dear old Earlham
No more to return !

We lovingly linger, *
Ere homeward we start;
And we seal all her bulwarks
On memory's chart.

Then grasping our schoolmates
Once more by the hand,
We depart from her pleasures
And spread o'er the land.

Good-bye, dear old Earlham,
Good-bye—and God bless
All the halls and the teachers
That work thy success.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 908 101 1